

*West.* You speak (Lord *Mowbray*) now you know not what. The Earle of Hereford was reputed then In England the most valiant Gentleman. Who knowes, on whom Fortune would then haue smil'd? But if your Father had bene Victor there, Hee ne're had borne it out of Countrey. For all the Countrey, in a generall voyce, Cry'd hate vpon him: and all their prayers, and loue, Were set on *Hereford*, whom they doted on, And blest'd, and grac'd, and did more then the King. But this is meere digression from my purpose. Here come I from our Princely Generall, To know your Grieffes; to tell you, from his Grace, That hee will giue you Audience: and wherein It shall appeare, that your demands are iust, You shall enioy them, every thing set off, That might so much as thinke you Enemies.

*Mow.* But hee hath forc'd vs to compell this Offer, And it proceedes from Policy, not Loue.

*West.* *Mowbray*, you ouer-weene to take it so: This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Feare. For loe, within a Ken our Army lyes, Vpon mine Honor, all too confident To giue admittance to a thought of feare. Our Battaille is more full of Names then yours, Our Men more perfect in the vse of Armes, Our Armor all as strong, our Cause the best; Then Reason will, our hearts should be as good. Say you not then, our Offer is compell'd.

*Mow.* Well, by my will, wee shall admit no Parley.

*West.* That argues but the shame of your offence: A rotten Case abides no handling.

*Hast.* Hath the Prince *John* a full Commission, In very ample vertue of his Father, To heare, and absolutely to determine Of what Conditions wee shall stand vpon?

*West.* That is intended in the Generalls Name:

I muse you make so slight a Question.

*Bish.* Then take (my Lord of Westmerland) this Schedule, For this contains our generall Grievances:

Each seuerall Article herein redress'd, All members of our Cause, both here, and hence, That are insinew'd to this Action, Acquitted by a true substantiall forme, And present execution of our wills, To vs, and to our purposes confin'd, Wee come within our awfull Banks againe, And knit our Powers to the Arme of Peace.

*West.* This will I shew the Generall. Please you Lords, In sight of both our Battailles, wee may meete At either end in peace: which Heauen so frame, Or to the place of difference call the Swords, Which must decide it.

*Bish.* My Lord, wee will doe so.

*Mow.* There is a thing within my Bosome tells me, That no Conditions of our Peace can stand.

*Hast.* Feare you not, that if wee can make our Peace Vpon such large termes, and so absolute, As our Conditions shall consist vpon,

Our Peace shall stand as firme as Rockie Mountaines.

*Mow.* I, but our valuation shall be such, That euery slight, and false-deriued Cause, Yea, euery idle, nice, and wanton Reason, Shall, to the King, taste of this Action:

That were our Royall faiths, Martyrs in Loue, Wee shall be winnowed with so rough a winde,

That euen our Corne shall seeme as light as Chaffe, And good from bad finde no partition.

*Bish.* No, no (my Lord) note this: the King is wearie Of daintie, and such picking Grievances: For hee hath found, to end one doubt by Death, Reuiues two greater in the Heires of Life. And therefore will hee wipe his Tables cleane, And keepe no Tell-tale to his Memorie, That may repeat, and Historie his losse, To new remembrance. For full well hee knowes, Hee cannot so precisely weede this Land, As his mis-doubts present occasion: His foes are so en-rooted with his friends, That plucking to vnfixe an Enemy, Hee doth vnfasten so, and shake a friend. So that this Land, like an offensive wife, That hath enrag'd him on, to offer strokes, As he is striking, holds his Infant vp, And hangs resolu'd Correction in the Arme, That was vprear'd to execution.

*Hast.* Besides, the King hath wasted all his Rode, On late Offenders, that he now doth lacke The very Instruments of Chastisement: So that his power, like to a Fangleffe Lion May offer, but not hold.

*Bish.* 'Tis very true: And therefore be assur'd (my good Lord *Marshall*) If we do now make our attonement well, Our Peace, will (like a broken Limbe vnited) Grow stronger, for the breaking.

*Mow.* Be it so:

Heere is return'd my Lord of Westmerland.

*Enter Westmerland.*

*West.* The Prince is here at hand: please your Lordship To meet his Grace, iust distance 'twene our Armies?

*Mow.* Your Grace of Yorke, in heauen's name then forward.

*Bish.* Before, and greet his Grace (my Lord) we come.

*Enter Prince John.*

*John.* You are wel encountred here (my cosin *Mowbray*) Good day to you, gentle Lord Archibishop,

And so to you Lord *Hastings*, and to all. My Lord of Yorke, it better shew'd with you, When that your Flocke (assembled by the Bell) Encircled you, to heare with reuerence Your exposition on the holy Text,

Then now to see you heere an Iron man Chearing a rowt of Rebels with your Drumme, Turning the Word, to Sword; and Life to death:

That man that sits within a Monarches heart, And ripens in the Sunne-shine of his fauor, Would hee abuse the Countenance of the King, Alack, what Mischiefes might hee set abroad,

In shadow of such Greatnesse? With you, Lord Bishop, It is euen so. Who hath not heard it spoken, How deepe you were within the Bookes of Heauen?

To vs, the Speaker in his Parliament;

To vs, th' imagine Voyce of Heauen it selfe:

The very Opener, and Intelligencer,

Betweene the Grace, the Sanctities of Heauen;

And our dull workings. O, who shall beleue,

But you mis-vse the reuerence of your Place,

Employ the Countenance, and Grace of Heauen,

As a false Favourite doth his Princes Name,

In deedes dis-honorable? You haue taken vp,

*Vnder*

Vnder the counterfeit Zeale of Heauen, The Subjects of Heauens Substitute, my Father, And both against the Peace of Heauen, and him, Haue here vp-swarmed them.

*Bish.* Good my Lord of Lancaster, I am not here against your Fathers Peace: But (as I told my Lord of Westmerland) The Time (mis-order'd) doth in common sence Crowd vs, and crush vs, to this monstrous Forme, To hold our safetie vp. I sent your Grace The parcels, and particulars of our Griefe, The which hath been with scorne shou'd from the Court: Whereon this Hydra-Sonne of Warre is borne, Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleepe, With graunt of our most iust and right desires; And true Obedience, of this Madnesse cur'd, Stoope tamely to the foot of Maiestie.

*Mow.* If not, wee readie are to trye our fortunes, To the last man.

*Hast.* And though wee here fall downe, Wee haue Supplies; to second our Attempt: If they mis-carry, theirs shall second them.

And so, successe of Mischiefe shall be borne, And Heire from Heire shall hold this Quarrell vp, Whiles England shall haue generation.

*John.* You are too shallow (*Hastings*)

Much too shallow,

To sound the bottome of the after-Times.

*West.* Please your Grace, to answer them directly, How farre-forth you doe like their Articles.

*John.* I like them all, and doe allow them well:

And sweare here, by the honor of my blood, My Fathers purposes haue bene mistooke, And some, about him, haue too lauishly Wrested his meaning, and Authoritie. My Lord, these Grieffes shall be with speed redrest: Vpon my Life, they shall. If this may please you, Discharge your Powers vnto their seuerall Countiees, As wee will ours: and here, betwene the Armies, Let's drinke together friendly, and embrace, That all their eyes may beare those Tokens home, Of our restored Loue, and Amitie.

*Bish.* I take your Princely word, for these redresses.

*John.* I giue it you, and will maintaine my word: And thereupon I drinke vnto your Grace.

*Hast.* Goe Captaine, and deliuer to the Armie This newes of Peace: let them haue pay, and part: I know, it will well please them.

High thee Captaine. *Exit.*

*Bish.* To you, my Noble Lord of Westmerland,

*West.* I pledge your Grace:

And if you knew what paines I haue bestow'd, To breede this present Peace, You would drinke freely: but my loue to ye, Shall shew it selfe more openly hereafter.

*Bish.* I doe not doubt you.

*West.* I am glad of it.

Health to my Lord, and gentle Cousin *Mowbray*.

*Mow.* You wish me health in very happy season, For I am, on the fodaine, something ill.

*Bish.* Against ill Chances, men are euer merry,

But heauinesse fore-runnes the good euent.

*West.* Therefore be merry (Cooze) since fodaine sorrow Serues to say thus: some good thing comes to morrow.

*Bish.* Beleue me, I am passing light in spirit.

*Mow.* So much the worse, if your owne Rule be true.

*John.* The word of Peace is render'd: hearken how they shew't.

*Mow.* This had been chearefull, after Victorie.

*Bish.* A Peace is of the nature of a Conquest: For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,

And neither partie looser.

*John.* Goe (my Lord)

And let our Army be discharged too:

And good my Lord (so please you) let our Traines

March by vs, that wee may peruse the men *Exit.*

Wee should haue coap'd withall.

*Bish.* Goe, good Lord *Hastings*:

And ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by. *Exit.*

*John.* I trust (Lords) wee shall lye to night together.

*Enter Westmerland.*

Now Cousin, wherefore stands our Army still?

*West.* The Leaders hauing charge from you to stand,

Will not goe off, vntill they heare you speake.

*John.* They know their duties. *Enter Hastings.*

*Hast.* Our Army is dispers'd:

Like youthfull Steeres, vnyoak'd, they tooke their course

East, West, North, South: or like a Schoole, broke vp,

Each hurries towards his home, and sporting place.

*West.* Good tidings (my Lord *Hastings*) for the which,

I doe arrest thee (Traytor) of high Treason:

And you Lord Arch-bishop, and you Lord *Mowbray*,

Of Capitall Treason, I attach you both.

*Mow.* Is this proceeding iust, and honorable?

*West.* Is your Assembly so?

*Bish.* Will you thus breake your faith?

*John.* I pawn'd thee none:

I promis'd you redresse of these same Grievances

Whereof you did complaine; which, by mine Honor,

I will performe, with a most Christian care.

But for you (Rebels) looke to taste the due

Meet for Rebellion, and such Acts as yours.

Most shallowly did you these Armes commence,

Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.

Strike vp our Drummes, pursue the scatter'd fray,

Heauen, and not wee, haue safely fought to day.

Some guard these Traytors to the Block of Death,

Treasons true Bed, and yeelder vp of breath. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Falstaffe and Colenile.*

*Falst.* What's your Name, Sir? of what Condition are you? and of what place, I pray?

*Col.* I am a Knight, Sir:

And my Name is *Colenile* of the Dale.

*Falst.* Well then, *Colenile* is your Name, a Knight is your Degree, and your Place, the Dale. *Colenile* shall still be your Name, a Traytor your Degree, and the Dungeon your Place, a place deepe enough: so shall you be still *Colenile* of the Dale.

*Col.* Are not you Sir *John Falstaffe*?

*Falst.* As good a man as he sir, who ere I am: doe yee yeelde sir, or shall I sweate for you? if I doe sweate, they are the drops of thy Louers, and they weep for thy death, therefore rowze vp Feare and Trembling, and do obseruance to my mercy.

*Col.* I thinke you are Sir *John Falstaffe*, & in that thought yeeld me.

*Fal.* I haue a whole Schoole of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a Tongue of them all, speakes anie other word but my name; and I had but a belly of any indifferencie, I were simply the most actiue fellow in Europe: my wombe, my wombe, my wombe vndoes mee. Heere comes our Generall.

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*Enter*